Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou doest bely him Percy, thou doest bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemie.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and rore for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your Vncle. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer.
Zounds I will speake of him: and let my soule
Want mercie, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these veines,
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who stroke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

Hot. But soft I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cosen King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,
Or fill vp chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobilitie and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that sweete louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?